

MASSACRE AVERTED.

EMMA SICKELS TELLS OF THE OUT-
BREAK AT PINK RIDGE.

A Whole Settlement Came Near Being De-
stroyed by Inflamed Savages Because
of a Disobedient Young Girl.

In this brief dialogue, "Hoy," "Go!" was the commencement of one of the most ominous of Indian outbreaks. "Hoy," means in Sioux "I will not." It was the reply an Indian girl made to the school teacher, Miss Ridge, S. D., of which I was superintendent. I had asked her to do a certain piece of work, and that was the sudden answer she gave.

It was in December, 1884. The school which was for Indian girls and boys, had been opened but a few weeks and was still an experiment in the minds of the Indians and at the hands of the teachers. There were 55 scholars, evenly divided between the sexes. All the work of the house had been detailed to the pupils, as no other help was available.

One of the girls was Makpisa Leta, daughter of Red Cloud, the celebrated chief. She was 15 years old, strong and robust—in fact, one of the physical models of the school. Her turn came to do housework, which was the making of bread. The first day she did her task gracefully, but the second day she balked.

Word was brought to me as superintendent, I went in search of her and found her making in the yard. When I asked her to take her place, she refused. Knowing that firmness only would make an impression on her, I ordered her back. The 2-word dialogue resulted in her going mullenly back to her place, but that night she sent word to her father, the dreaded Red Cloud.

He came and took her to the agency physician, Dr. Thompson, who, after a certificate to the effect that the girl had consumption, in face of this I could do nothing but excuse the girl, who went home to her father. I knew it was one of the wily Indian's tricks, as the girl weighed 120 pounds and was the picture of health.

Red Cloud then called a council of the Sioux. He made them an impassioned speech. He told them that the Great Father had paid the white men to keep the Indians and that they were making the Indian children work for them. Red Cloud appealed to the ignorance of the Indians regarding the whites, just as he appealed to the ignorance of the whites in regard to the Indians.

His speech had its effect, and a delegation of six braves went to inspect the school. Of these, Little Wound, the powerful chief, was the head. They visited the school and saw all its workings and the progress the children were making. I explained to them that work simply meant making things better. They were greatly pleased, and I then and there won the friendship of Little Wound, who was to manifest it in signal a way not long after.

As the blanket delegation left, they said "Waste" (wash-tay), meaning "Good." There were three times as many applications as we could accommodate after this, and Red Cloud saw that his own people would not sustain him, so he appealed to Little Chief, the redoubtable Cheyenne warrior, who was in a fighting mood, and invited him to camp with the Sioux and to attack the agency, burn the school and kill me.

When Dr. McGillicuddy, the government agent, heard of this scheme on the part of Red Cloud, he ordered Little Chief to move camp. The fierce Cheyenne refused. The doctor then said that he would hold back the rations, as the law provided, as a punishment for the insolence. To this the two chiefs then determined to comply. They rallied their bands and decided to make the attack on the day of the issuing of the rations of beef. The refusal of Dr. McGillicuddy to give the beef was to be the signal for the attack. The beef was usually issued at the corral, three miles from town, and was generally live cattle, which, as they were turned loose, were shot by the Indians. This shooting of the beef on the hoof was to be made the cover of a general attack on the whites.

We could see active preparations going on around for the attack. Dr. McGillicuddy knew of it, but could do nothing, as he had no soldiers, his idea having been to govern the Indians without show of military force. Things began to look desperate. Two Cheyenne braves had been detailed to kill Dr. McGillicuddy, and one, Ray No Water, had fired at him, but luckily missed him.

Red Cloud's machinations had taken up the winter and spring, and July 6, 1888, the day of issuing rations, was at hand. The house for the distribution of beef was 1 p. m. All the morning we saw the signal mirrors flashing word about the hostile camps, and the mounted warriors gathering their forces for the attack were outlined against the sky as they rode along the sharp ridge.

In painful suspense we watched Dr. McGillicuddy from the schoolhouse set off for the corral, where in an hour our fate was to be decided, and the doctor's confidence in the friendly Indians was to be tested. He was accompanied by only his Indian police, but he was one of the coolest, bravest men that ever lived, and he rode away serenely calm, while our hearts were beating wildly.

The good doctor's confidence in his Indian allies was not misplaced. Little Wound, who had visited the school, and who was the enemy of Red Cloud, had followed the schemes of treachery and prepared to checkmate them. One of the Indian chiefs that the North American Indians ever raised to power, he despised Red Cloud for his two-faced dealings with the two races.

Hearing of our danger, Little Wound brought all the Indians he could muster to the agency and prevailed upon Fast Horse and Standing Soldier to do the same. On arriving at the corral Dr. McGillicuddy had the police form a double line. Through this line the Indians had to pass one by one to get their rations. The police then fired guns at the Indians. Two hundred Indians were killed. Two hundred and thirty were taken to the agency and the rest were scattered.

But Red Cloud saw he was beaten. Couriers had told him that the newly arrived forces of Little Wound and his two chief friends outnumbered him. Calling to Little Chief, the two defeated warriors mullenly withdrew. The next day Little Chief mowed his Cheyenne camp. The next week he brought three children to our school. One of them was his own son, who was given into our charge by the beautiful ceremony of binding the boy on a milk white pony and after a ceremony of words turning the pony loose and taking the boy to the school.

The week following seven more applications came from Little Chief's people, but we had no place for them. Red Cloud's daughter, who caused all the trouble, did not die of consumption, and when I last heard of her was a big, fat woman—Emma C. Sickels in New York Herald.

What Reading Really Means.

Though nobody has a right to prescribe the books for another to read, a direction may be indicated which experience has proved it is desirable to take. That direction may be briefly pointed out as the one which contains the gems of our language. There are many of them—quite enough to occupy the time which the average man is able to devote to reading. When he has read these, he will have a right to explore the hypsities of literature, but only when he has exhausted the first class should he begin to dabble in the second, third or fourth.

rate. In fact, once this taste for the best is cultivated any other than it will fall upon the ear and fail to satisfy the mind. The reader becomes intuitively aware when a master spirit is talking to him, for he feels that what he is reading bears an intimate relation to universal humanity as well as to himself, and therefore possesses a vital interest for all.

This is a true test of whether a book is merely perfunctory or belongs to the wide republic of letters. No matter how exalted or how humble the theme, if it appeals to our common humanity it is literature in the true sense. The "Compliment Angler," with its freshness and simplicity and overflowing love of nature, and the "Natural History of Selborne," wherein, says Carlyle, "Parson White has copied a little sentence or two faithfully from the inspired volume of nature," are as truly literature as the sublimities of Milton's cathedral diapason.—Chambers' Journal.

Plant Young Trees. It has often been said that as soon as you can excite a personal interest in the planting of trees the forestry question will settle itself. One of the mistakes too frequently made is, however, the encouragement of the idea that it takes centuries to get trees large enough for timber purposes.

If properly planted and properly cared for, as they ought to be in a well ordered forest plantation, growth is extremely rapid, and good timber trees could be obtained within a quarter of a century. Near where this paragraph is written there is a specimen of silver maple, Acer dasycarpum, not 15 years since a seed, which is 4 feet 6 inches in circumference, and an American elm about the same age, which is 5 feet in circumference. Far like these could be easily multiplied, showing how easy it is to get profitable forests in a very short time when the great public necessity and consequent profit becomes a matter of exact figuring.—Mechan's Monthly.

Sirius and Its Companions. In Astronomische Nachrichten Dr. Auwers has published a complete discussion of the system of Sirius in the light of the most recent instrumental investigations. It will be remembered that from irregularity in the motion of this star, Dr. Auwers determined some years previous to Alvin Clark's discovery of its companion that such a companion must exist, but observation of it was obliged to await the increase in the size of the telescopes. Adopting the recent determination made by Gill and Elkin, Dr. Auwers finds that Sirius and its companion are respectively 2.30 and 1.04 times heavier than the sun, that they are about 1,800,000,000 miles apart, and that the time of revolution about each other is 49.4 years. The accuracy of his computations may be judged by the fact that he has applied to his orbit all the observations of the star for upward of 30 years with most satisfactory agreement.

Nansen's Pile of Letters. In a room of the house of Dr. Nansen, the explorer, is an enormous number of letters tied up with blue ribbon. "Guess what these are," he said to a representative of the Times. The representative could not guess. Every shape and size and thickness of letter appeared to be there. "Well," said the doctor, "these are the applications from all parts of the world and written in almost every language to accompany the north pole expedition. There are over a thousand of them. Of course I don't answer them. I couldn't. But I do read them, and their good wishes are very encouraging, though they have cost me a lot of money, for they are often undamped, and I have to pay for them because one never knows what may be inside."

An Extraordinary Swallowing Feat. A German contemporary states that a very peculiar patient was recently under treatment at the Augsburg State hospital. A man, aged 40, had set himself the task of swallowing some 250 fruit stones. Having finished this extraordinary meal, he experienced excruciating pain. While under treatment on the first day in the hospital the medical men succeeded in removing 200 hazel nut stones. The man had taken all this trouble to place his life in jeopardy for a wager of \$1.

The Plum of the Prince. The plumage of the Prince of Wales worn on state occasions is said to be worth \$30,000. The feathers, an English writer says, are pulled from the tail of the feral hawk of the rarest and most beautiful birds of India. Great expense and trouble are necessary to capture the bird, which is found only in the wildest jungles. The feathers are taken from the live cock.

Spain is divided into 49 provinces, each of which has its own parliament, chosen by popular suffrage, under restrictions, and every commune has its own local administration under an elected ayuntamiento and an alcalde chosen thereby.

The salaries paid to persons in the civil service of the United States amount to \$300,000,000 annually. This amount pays the wages of 180,000 persons. The average is \$300 a year.

Greek and Roman doors always opened outward, and when a man was passing out of a house he knocked on the door so as not to open it in the face of a passerby.

A correspondent of the New York Sun says a wife to a lipos of the same skin is to feed it to the horses, they being particularly fond of the skin of that fruit.

The most successful teacher is the one who remembers that the real meaning of the word education is to lead out, not to force in.

A Noted Singer in Society. Catalani, a gifted songstress and a lovely woman, was the idol of society and the favorite of fortune. But she had neither knowledge nor culture, and her ignorance sometimes made her stumble into ludicrous mistakes. One of her greatest triumphs in London was the singing of "God Save the King." The town went mad over her rendering of the national anthem. Two hundred guineas were paid her for singing it once. But she always sang "God Save the King."

At the court of Saxe-Weimar she noticed the marked attention paid to a gentleman of majestic appearance. "Who is that?" she asked. "That, madam, is the celebrated Goethe," was the reply.

"Goethe—Goethe?" asked the puzzled singer, to whom music was the only profession that brought celebrity. "Oh what instrument does he play?" "He is the renowned author of the 'Sorrows of Werther,'" she replied.

"Oh, yes, I remember." Then, abruptly addressing the great man, she said with fascinating vivacity, "Oh, sir, what an admirer I am of Werther!" Goethe, always sensitive to woman's praise, bowed profoundly.

"I never," she continued, "saw anything so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is!"

"The Sorrows of Werther" a farce, madam! exclaimed the poet, annoyed that the most sentimental of his books should be thus spoken of.

"Oh, yes," added Catalani, laughing loudly, "never was there anything so ridiculous!" She was referring to a burlesque of the story, which she had seen acted. Goethe did not recover himself for the whole evening.—Youth's Companion.

DANTE IN EXILE.

"And if I go who stays, and if I stay who goes?" he said, with sorrowful disdain. To those who questioned him, and hid the pain Of leaving Florence in the heart that lay Cold in his breast and turned from them, and they Waged their wise heads and dandled to think how vain Their Dante was, while they turned again To the follies of their little day.

And he who trod the weary ways of hell Smiled sadly in his turn to think that none Of all the foolish Florentines could tell The thought within his words, the words of one.

Come from the dead, and who, what'er befall, In all the world walked utterly alone.—Ralph A. Cram in New England Magazine.

Care of the Feet Insures Comfort. Care of the feet is an economy of strength as well as of stockings. Aside from the daily bath, the feet should be washed at least once a day. This is a matter of a few moments and insures neatness, rest and comfort. If the tired shop girl or saleswoman who has been standing for 10 hours would dip her feet into a basin of cool water instead of curling her back or doing up her back hair, she would have a lighter step and feel more like walking home than usual.

Walking heats the feet, standing causes them to swell and both are tiresome and exhaustive when prolonged. There are various kinds of foot baths, and authorities differ as to their value. Hot water enlarges the feet by drawing the blood to them. When used, they should be rubbed or exercised before attempting to put on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a foot bath will draw a fever if taken in time, cure a nervous headache and induce sleep. Buns, corns and callousness are nature's protests against bad shoe leather. Two hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will remove the cause of much discomfort.—New York World.

Gross Impertinences. A train bound down town on the Ninth avenue elevated had just left Fourteenth street. Mrs. Ellis was explaining to Mrs. Dodson, who sat next to her near the door of the car, that she was a widow.

"My little daughter Mamie has heard so much about Columbus that she is constantly talking of him and his achievements, but in some way she has learned to speak of him as Christian Columbus, and I've had the hardest time to teach her his proper name. Last night she came to me, saying she was sure she knew his correct name and would be careful to use it in future. I was greatly pleased, but upon asking her to repeat it she almost shouted—"

"Christopher!" yelled the guard, thrusting his head through the door as the train pulled up for its regular stop at Christopher street.

The lady who had been talking glared at the offending servant and ejaculated in an undertone of rage, "Impertinent wretch!"—New York Herald.

Dainty and Palatable Sandwiches. The eminent Francatelli, who was a pupil of Carême and chef for her majesty the queen, and subsequently to the Reform club, was the inventor of the "Bretby" sandwich, made of slices of white bread and butter cut from French rolls, with alternate layers of chicken and shredded lettuce.—Exchange.

A Childish Experience. In cases of fascination and vertigo, which are more visible among children than among adults, a movement is begun the suspension of which is prevented by a paralysis of the will, and it carries on to suffering and death. When a child, I was navigating a plank on the river without a thought that I might fall. All at once the idea came like a diverging force, projecting itself across the rectilinear thought which had alone previously directed my action. It was as if an invisible arm seized me and drew me down. I cried out and continued staggering over the whirling waters till help came to me. The mere thought of vertigo provoked it.—Alfred Fouquier in Popular Science Monthly.

Baby's Dimple. According to an old legend, the baby's dimples mark the spots where angels' fingers touched the child in bearing it from heaven to earth, but anatomical doctors have a different explanation. They say that dimples probably result from defective development of a muscle. When the muscle is called into use, the defective portion fails to respond, and a hollow is left into which the flesh and skin of the cheek, for example, fall, and thus the dimple is formed.—New York Telegram.

A Very Aged Turtle. The great turtle found in the artillery barracks at Port Louis in 1810, when Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain, is still alive. Though it is believed to be 200 years old at least, it has enormous strength and can with apparent ease carry two men on its back.

Looks Are Deceiving. She—Oh, you cannot always tell how one feels by how one looks. You might think I feel perfectly well, but I assure you I have no appetite at all.

He (galantly)—And yet you look good enough to eat. To Madame Transcriber.

Booth's Fondness For Tobacco. "A good deal of nonsense is written about Edwin Booth's destruction by tobacco," said Dr. Hugh Blake Williams the other day. "Tobacco didn't kill him, and I doubt if it ever killed any grown man. On some men, of course, it has a bad effect, but there are few recorded cases of actual tobacco poisoning. Many of the brightest and strongest men we have are confirmed smokers, and I know of at least one who smoked as much as Mr. Booth did. He was a heavy smoker, but his pipes and his black cigars had a soothing effect on him. Tobacco was to him a sedative narcotic, and

The Dawn of the Century. We hear a good deal just now of the latter days of the century. Perhaps a few words about the dawn of the century may not be altogether ill timed and unnecessary. It was the joyday for stamp and paper duties. There were about half a dozen newspapers, too dear for the multitude to buy and probably only published, like The Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, for the select few to read. There was no gas. Oil lamps enlivened the streets, and at the theaters candles, supposed to be wax, dripped down the back of your dress clothes. Chelsea was a village separated from London by the "Five Fields" at Pimlico and the Footpath's park, called "Bloody Bridge," somewhere where the Court theater now stands. Visitors to the playhouses from Chelsea used to assemble after the performance at the bottom of St. James' street until they numbered about 30 or 40 strong and then marched across the Five Fields with torches, blunderbusses and bludgeons—a mutual protective association. Nothing was safe—not a universal favorite, and the street poets sang that they would "rather have a guinea."—London Saturday Review.

Origin of a Famous Saying. Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since, "Sirs, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived, as this reply has, for nearly 2,000 years.—Exchange.

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which is absolutely pure and contains three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, cooking less than one cup of it is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. No 2-1 aw-sa

RAILROADS.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SEPT. 30, 1892. LEAVE RICHMOND (DAILY), BYRON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, WASHINGTON, AND NORFOLK. VESTIBULE LIMITED. Arrive Richmond 11:30 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly, and Suffolk.

9:00 A. M., LEAVE RICHMOND AND NORFOLK. Arrive Norfolk 11:30 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly, and Suffolk. 9:00 A. M., LEAVE RICHMOND AND NORFOLK. Arrive Norfolk 11:30 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly, and Suffolk.

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R. W. COURTNEY, District Passenger Agent. General Passenger Agent. General Office, Roanoke, Va.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG AND POTOMAC RAILROAD—Schedule in effect July 2, 1893—eastern standard time. 7:40 A. M., Leaves Byrd-street station daily except Sunday. Arrives Alexandria at 12:01 P. M.

12:00 M., Leaves Byrd-street station daily except Sunday. Arrives Alexandria at 12:01 P. M. 1:40 A. M., Leaves Byrd-street station daily except Sunday. Arrives Alexandria at 12:01 P. M.

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